

## FINE TRIBUTE PAID TERRE HAUTE WOMAN

Sorrow Among Friends of Mrs. Minnie Aydelotte Over Her Demise  
At Santa Cruz.

Terre Haute friends were deeply grieved over the news of the death of Mrs. M. A. Aydelotte in the Santa Cruz Sentinel, last Friday. The Santa Cruz Tribune pays her the following tribute:

"To the many friends of Mrs. Minnie A. Aydelotte it will be a distinct shock to learn that she was called hence on the night of July 6 after an illness that was not thought serious, though her physician pronounced it heart trouble.

"Mrs. Aydelotte was a native of Merom, Sullivan county, Indiana, and when she became a widow she removed, with her two sons, to Terre Haute, Ind., where she soon found employment, becoming head of a dramatic art school. Here some of the most noted stage queens were trained by her.

"In this period of her life fell the brightest rays of the footlights, for her talents secured for Mrs. Aydelotte a position among the stars of the Ridpath lecture course, and while filling engagements she met such men as James Whitcomb Riley, Gen. Lew Wallace, Bill Nye and others, whose friendships for her ended only with their lives. John Clark Ridpath esteemed her for a brave woman whose talent had first brought her to his notice.

"When her sons grew up, they went west. When the mother-heart would no longer rest so far from them, she joined Charles Aydelotte, then in Chehalis, Wash., and removed later with the family to Santa Cruz. This was 19 or 20 years ago.

"Her son, William, an attorney, made his home in Alameda, and it was during a visit there that the angel in the shining robes called her away.

"Mrs. Aydelotte was widely known and universally liked, for she was ever ready to assist in any undertaking for the uplift of humanity. Santa Cruz will always remember what she owes to the energy and the teaching of the good woman now gone to her reward."

The Santa Cruz paper publishes one of her poems, entitled "Greetings" in connection with the sketch. It follows:

In the hustle,  
In the bustle  
Of the life, nowadays,  
May you grasp one,  
Firmly clasp one  
Of its honors on your way.

Let not hustle,  
Let not bustle  
Wear you out, health at bay,  
But just grab some,  
Nimble nab some  
Of the good things in your way.

Midst the hustle,  
Midst the bustle,  
Let your heart sing a lay  
Of the sweetness,  
The completeness  
Of the love that's round your way.